that every word carried weight with it. She did not look up in his face at first, but when she did, she cried out suddenly, as if with a sharp pain:

"'It isn't too late yet, Chilian, it isn't too late. Give up this thing, turn back, Chilian, come back to me!'

"And proud Mildred Davenport started up and stretched her arms out to her cousin, beseeching him, and beseeching him in vain.

"'Not for my hope of heaven,' he said hoarsely, and he covered his face with his hands. 'Don't tempt me, child! I've given my word, my honor, my life, please God, shall go with them now!'

"I pitied her as she stood there, so desolate, so stung with shame and wounded pride, to think that she had pleaded with him vainly. Her arms drooped down at her sides, and she clinched her hands tight, and drew one long, trembling breath, like a sigh, and she did not open her lips once more.

"'Is this the last word, Mildred?' said Chilian brokenly, and he came and looked into her eyes, and waited, but there was no answer. 'Amen, then! May I kiss you once, once more, my love?'

"She shrank back from him, shuddering, and put out her hands to keep him away. Then he knelt down again and stooped his head, and kissed her little feet as she stood there, and when he rose up, I could see his full face, but I think, I am sure, there was a glaze over his blue eyes like tears.

"It is all over then,' he said. 'If this struggle is a crucible into which men must throw all their treasures, then my heart's blood, before the land can be saved, I, I am ready, I have given up my dearest. God bless you, darling!'

"That was the last word she ever heard Chilian say. He turned and walked out of the house, and as he shut the door she fell down in a heap, without a single sound, and lay there like a dead woman till some one came and found her.

"Served her right!" I cry indignantly. "I'm not a bit sorry for her, if she was my great-grandmother!"

"Ah, you don't look from the stand point of the times," says my ancient friend sagely, and shakes her brown worsted locks at me. "Mildred Davenport had a man's sense of honor rather than a woman's; its a pity there should be a difference, and to her mind Chilian had outraged it. You'd have been sorry for her if you had seen her as I did all those days that followed; when she tried, as some women will try on their death-beds, I believe, to draw a curtain over the yawning wounds in her life, and hide the torments she suffered from any human eyes. If tears wrung from a woman's heart could leave a spot where they fell, there would be stains like blood on this bit of canvas that she hung over day after day.

I look at the ancient needlework with solemn and awe-stricken eyes, and say no more.

"I think everybody saw a certain change in her after this in spite of her efforts, but she was just as proud as ever, and when her father hearing that Chilian had been admitted to see her, made some angry comment and questioned her about what had passed between them, she answered quite as haughtily as he, 'That it was between only; it was enough for her father to know that Chilian Brydges would never darken his door again.'

"There was rumor and talk of the movemnets of the troops, and then one morning came when people looking across the river to Charleston saw the brown earthworks thrown up on Breed's Hill, and heard the boom of the first cannon; and Chilian was there behind the fortress. I dare say you know more about the doings that day than I do; I saw and heard nothing but Mildred lying on the floor in her upper room with her fingers stopping her ears to shut out the roar of the guns across the river, and crying with gasps and broken sobs of pain and praying, whether for his life or not, I never could say. There were plenty of glad hearts in Boston that night when the long June day came to its glorious close; but of all the sore hearts counting the cost of victory, and all the hearts crushed under the shame of defeat, there was none that ached more hopelessly than hers, I am sure."

My lady's voice is growing fainter and delicately less, and she makes so long a pause here that I lean forward and touch the screen, by way of hint that I am waiting for the conclusion of her story. With a start of animation like the sudden, final flicker of a candle, she responds:

"You want to hear the end of it, I suppose? The Continental troops—"

"Oh, I know all about the Continental troops," I reply hastily; "I want to know what became of Chilian."

"What he prayed might become of him, the best thing that can become of a brave man, he used to say, he died on the field of battle.

"'With his back to the field and his face to the foe.'"

I murmur approbatively. "Well, I must say that I think he was much too nice for my great-grandmother."

"He was one of the first men who fell, I've heard," proceeds the chronicler of my ancestress's woes. "His body was recovered next day, and they found a little curl of black hair tied with a skein of white silk around his neck. He had stolen it once when he sat by Mildred's embroidering frame. There was blood on the white silk. They left it with the curl on his heart, and they buried it with him in the vault on Copp's Hill, right in sight of the fortifications across Charles river. I dare say you can find the place, near the splintered gravestone of that riotous and law-defying smuggler, Capt. Dan Malcolm, whose stone has become noted, I hear, for the perforations of English bullets through its death's-head and cross-bones."

"And my grandmamma, Mildred what did she do next?"

"Just what other women do when the desire of their eyes is taken away—she lived and bore it."

"And married my great-grandpapa—"

"Exactly; but not for ten years after. John Copland was a good man enough; far be it from me to disparage him; but he never could stand comparison with Chilian Bridges according to my mind; and as for any love that might be in the matter, my own opinion is that your great-grandmother loved just one man in the course of her life, and he died in the rebel ranks on Bunker's Hill."

The hour was late and I was growing tired, I suppose, for at this moment I yielded to a gentle languor and closed my eyes to meditate the more comfortably upon the tale I had heard. I presume I mortally offended the narrator by this course of action, for when I reopened my eyes five minutes after, and uttered a remark, it was received in deadly silence.

I sat up straight in my chair and poked the fire violently to fling an inspiring glow upon the tall screen. There sat the lady in worsted and floss, smiling with a round red mouth and staring with round blue eyes, and holding up her stiff, admonitory finger, exactly as if she had never stirred at all—and not a stitch in her entire frame was agitated, nor did she vouchsafe the faintest possible murmur in reply to my respectful solicitations. What is more remarkable, she has never done so since. But sometimes when we sit *tete-a-tete* by the fire on a cold night, and the hour is struck far off in the Old South steeple, I fancy that there is "speculation in those eyes that she doth stare withal," and that she seems to remind me of the confidence between us, and the history of my great grandmamma's only love."

Old Middlerib came home the other night and ordered a light lunch before going to bed. 'Just a mouthful of tea and a bit of bread,' he explained. 'Do you want just plain bread?' asked Mrs. Middlerib, with reference to the presence or absence of butter. And the old reprobate said he would take one piece plain and the other with a looped overskirt, shirred down the gores with the same, and held in place with knife-pleatings of grape jelly. He got the heel of the loaf.

Sioux squaws do not wear striped stockings. Three streaks of green paint are cooler and cheaper.

Samanthy's Elopement.

"Yes," said the old lady, as she wiped her eyes and proceeded to tell the sympathizing neighbors about the elopement of her daughter. "Yes, Mrs. Bloobs, you well say it ar' a dreadful stroke. I ain't had such another shock sence that last spell o' rheumatiz. To think that darter of mine would do such a disgraceful thing after all the care an' affection me an' her father have ravished on her from her infancy up. I couldn't bear up under the affection no how."

"Did you not suspicion that they were contemplating such a move?" asked the neighbor.

"No, we never suspicioned nary contemplation. After I'd runned the conceited upstart off'n the premises with the mop, I didn't think he have the insurance to speak to Samanthy ag'n. An' she seemed to appear so consigned that I never respected her of having any underhanded contentions. But all the time—so I've herd since—they used to meet clandestinely when I thought Samanthy was at meetin', and decoct their plans to run off an' elope. Well, Samanthy has made her bed an' she'll have to lay on it. I wash my hands of the ongrateful girl from this time forthwith."

"Did you make any effort to intercept them?"

"No, you see we didn't know it, or else we'd a' intercepted them within an inch o' their lives."

"I mean, did you try to have them stopped when you found they were gone?"

"Yes, indeed. Father telescoped to five or six towns, an' give their prescription—cost him lots o' money, too; but he said he would not mind spendid' the price of a cow to get Samanthy back. But we never heerd nothin' from them, and told father to let 'em alone an' they'd come after a while with five or six children behind 'em. But I tell you, Mrs. Bloobs, they shan't set a foot in this house except over the dead body of my defunct corpse, you just remember that."

Across the Ocean in a Dory.

The bold mariner from Gloucester, Mass., who is now making his way across the ocean, in a dory, appears to be getting on famously. A Troy gentleman who has been on a visit to London, and who returned by the steamer Greece, reports that in mid-ocean the watch at the bow reported to the captain that he descried ahead what seemed to be part of a wreck. As it neared the ship the object was discovered to be a small skiff, and in the darkness the figure of one man was descried. The captain immediately gave orders to stop the engines and to get the ropes ready to pull the man on board. The sea was running high. The skiff came quite near to the ship, appearing and disappearing at intervals—now on the top of an immense wave level with the deck of the vessel, the next minute hidden from sight in the billows. The captain, calling to know who was in the boat, was answered in strong German accent: "I am John Johnson, from Gloucester, Mass." He told further that he was bound to Liverpool; that his skiff was named "Centennial," and that he had been out 15 days. He then asked the captain to compare reckonings. His was long. 46, lat. 39; the captain's was the same. Johnson informed the captain that he slept by day, and before going to sleep he took in his rudder and took down all sails; during sleep his craft drifted with the waves. He awoke at nights. The captain made a final appeal to him to come on board, stating that if he refused he would probably regret it when the vessel was out of his reach. To this Johnson emphatically answered: "No sir; good night," and throwing his sails to the wind, was soon lost to sight. Johnson sits in the center of his boat, with a lamp burning before him, exposing the dial of what seemed to be a compass. The deck, afore and aft, is covered with canvass, under which besides the compass and lamp, were several barrels containing, no doubt, provisions, water, etc. When last heard from (July 23) Johnson was less than 36 degrees west from London.

Little boy desiring information on this subject, asked his father: 'Pa, where do chickens come from?' The old gent, anxious to enlighten the little fellow, replied: 'Why, my son, chickens come out of eggs.' 'Oh, is that so?' exclaimed the young hopeful; 'I thought eggs came out of chickens.'

The Pleasures of the Picnic.

This is the season of the year when picnics are most frequent. For real solid enjoyment we, for our part, must prefer a well-conducted funeral to an ordinary picnic. You generally reach the grounds about eleven o'clock, and the exercises begin with climbing a hill, up which you are compelled to carry two heavy lunch baskets. When you reach the summit you are positively certain the thermometer must be six hundred and fifty in the shade. You throw yourself on the grass, and in a few moments a brigade of black ants begin to crawl down the back of your neck, while a phalanx of ticks charge up your trouser leg. And just as you jump up, your oldest boy, who has been out in the woods, where he stirred up a yellow jacket's nest, come in with his head and face swelled to the size of a water-bucket; conveying the information that your other boy, William Henry, is up a tree and can't get down. After laboring to release William Henry the thermometer seems to have gone up two hundred more degrees, and you think you will take a swim in the creek. While you are in the water, young Jones strolls out with Miss Smith, and unconscious of your presence they sit down close to your clothes and engage in conversation for three-quarters of an hour, while you lie down in the shallow stream, afraid to budge and nearly killed with the sun. When they leave, you emerge, and find that some wicked boy from the neighboring village has run off with your shirt, and socks. You fix up as well as you can, and when you get back with the party they are eating dinner from a cloth laid on the ground. A spider is spinning a cob-web from the pickle-jar to the little end of the cold ham; straddlebugs are frolicking around over the pound-cake, cater-pillers are exploring the bread-plate, grasshoppers are jumping into the butter, where they stick fast, the bees are so thick around the sugar-bowl that you are afraid to go near it, and there are enough ants in the pie to walk completely off with it. You take a seat, however, determined to try to eat something, but you get up suddenly all at once, as it were, for you have set down on a briar. Then William Henry, who has quaffed an unreasonable quantity of lemonade, gets the colic, and his mother goes into hysterics because she thinks he is poisoned with poke-berries. You lay him under an umbrella, and proceed to climb a tree in order, to fix a swing for the girls. After skinning your hands, tearing your trousers, and ruining your coat, you get to the top, tie the rope, and undertake to come down on it. You do come down, with velocity, and your fingers are rubbed entirely raw. Just then it begins to rain furiously, and the whole party stampedes to the depot for shelter. When the shower slackens you go back to the ground to get the rope, and just as you get up in the tree the owner of the place comes along with a gun and a dog, and threatens to blow your brains out and eat you up if you don't leave immediately. Then you come down again with celerity, and get over the fence as if you were in earnest. Going home in the train all the passengers regard you, from your appearance, as an escaped convict, or a lunatic who has broken from his keepers; and when you reach your home you plunge into a shirt, cover your hands with court-plaster, and register a solemn vow never to go on another picnic. And we are with you; we never will either.

'Well, you see,' said a Republican politician to a lady at Long Branch the other day, 'the best evidence of strength and integrity in our party is its power of moral recuperation. If a body eliminates its evils it is all right. If we find a rogue in the chair of state, what do we do? Hurl him out. If a public servant dishonors his trust, what do we do? Cast him forth. If a president is incompetent, what do we do?' 'Elect him twice,' said the lady.

"Marie! what's that strange noise at the front-gate?" "Cats, sir." "Cats! Well, when I was young cats didn't wear stove-pipe hats and smoke cigars." "Times are changed sir."

Troy Mills!

The above mill has been thoroughly repaired; in fact, almost made new. We are prepared to do as good work as can be done any where.

WE WILL BUY WHEAT,

Corn, Logs and Wood,

AND PAY HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

REGULAR GRINDING DAYS:

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

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and we will spare no pains in trying to please you.

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TRANSCIPT EXECUTIONS for sale at this office Prices down to the bed rock.

Wagons, Buggies,

AND

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I wish to inform the community that I have now on hand for sale wagons, the wood-work of which was made by H. Meyer of New Melle, St. Charles county, a workman of 20 year's experience. The fine work, such as

Spring Wagons.

Buggies, etc., I buy in St Louis

I have finished off and offer for sale a lot of one-piece Plows, made on the old Quincy plow style, with the addition of

Self-sharpening Points.

Also two-piece plows, all cast steel and well hardened. I will keep also on hand Double Shovel Plows and

CULTIVATORS.

The repairing of wagons, buggies, plows and the new wood work of my shop will be done by Conrad Eberling, a first-class workman. The painting of my own work and also custom work will be done by John Phillips, whose reputation is not surpassed and who uses no coal oil in his paints and nothing but the best of materials. All above mentioned warranted to give full satisfaction.

AUG. KUHNE,
Troy, Mo.

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NEW

Livery Stable.

NICHOLS & SYDNOR,

TROY, MO.,

Have opened a new Feed and Livery Stable in the brick stables on Main street, and keep the

Best Horses and Most Stylish Rigs,

Buggies, Rockaway, Spring Wagons, &c. Everything new, horses in excellent order, and prices reasonable.

HORSES BOARDED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

We would like for our old friends in the county to call and see us. We assure them they will meet with hospitable treatment.

Troy, Mo., May 13, 1875.

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Blanks for Justices. Save time and money by furnishing yourselves with blanks.

STATEMENT AND AFFIDAVIT IN CLAIM for possession and delivery of personal property. Justices needing these lanks should send order to Herald office.

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From Jas. E. Regan, firm Regan & Carter, publishers Daily and Weekly Tribune, Jefferson City, Mo., after receiving a $700 instrument, says:

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"The 'Beatty' received 4th inst., all O. K., and comes fully up to your representation and exceeds our expectations. While I do not profess to be a judge in the matter, Mrs. B. does, and pronounces it of very sweet tone, and is very much pleased with it."

Best inducements ever offered. Money refunded upon return of Piano and freight charges paid by me (Daniel F. Beatty) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test of five days. Pianos warranted for six years. Send for Catalogue. Address

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